



MRS. MARY ANN TAYLOR-DIXON.

The mother of Julius F. Taylor, who celebrated her 91st birthday, Saturday, August 26, 1916, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Jennie Frazier, Harrisburg, Pa.

WHY ANTITOXIN?

A child about four years old died recently of diphtheria. It did not have very much membrane in its throat that could be seen. It was hoarse and croupy and altogether very sick. Twenty thousand units of antitoxin were administered to this baby, in two doses, in the usual manner, although rather late in the attack, after the diphtheria poisons had greatly weakened the patient's heart. So, in spite of the antitoxin, the child died.

A gossip neighbor volunteered the opinion to the sorrowing mother that the antitoxin was to blame; that the dose was too large anyway; that her own child had had diphtheria, had received no antitoxin and did not die. So the fond mother who had lost her little one was poisoned by the untruth peddled by the gossip neighbor, and wrongly blames antitoxin. She is one of the many good people who are led astray by prejudice and mis-statement. The gossip was the only real poison in the case.

The facts are that antitoxin has saved over 25,000 lives in Chicago alone, representing 73.5 per cent. reduction in its death rate, during the first 14 years subsequent to its introduction. The death rate in Chicago from diphtheria per 100,000 in 1915 was 27 as against 290 per 100,000 in 1880. Furthermore, 20,000 units is not an unusual amount of antitoxin to give a child of three or four years in 24 hours. Modern practice tends to emphasize much larger doses; and in all cases the earlier it is administered the better.

To save patients with diphtheria and wipe out the disease, the following points are to be remembered:

First—Prompt diagnosis is vital. The slightest sore throat in the child should be given attention and a doctor put on the job.

Second—Early use of antitoxin in all cases and wherever there is doubt, to be on the safe side, is essential.

Third—Antitoxin may not be able to save the case if not given early, but it will do no harm anyway.

Proper isolation of the patient and proper measures of cleanliness used in the care of the patient and in the care of every article about the patient are only a part of the things we know, and the things that everybody must know and act upon in order to prevent a repetition of the experience of this mother.

Bad teeth, untreated in childhood, may distort the face, spoil the disposition, impair the mental development and injure the character.

The dentist is the key to good looks, happy disposition, mental progress and good health.

A dog that simply roams his own premises and barks through the fence at passersby, or bays at the moon when people want to sleep, is bad enough; but when its master provides it with a woodpile to run upon and threaten those who come near, the man is a dangerous neighbor by proxy of his dog. Of the two, we prefer the dog.

Dr. Edward S. Miller, 3101 S. State street, has been indisposed for the past three weeks from the effects of a large carbuncle on the back of his neck. He is O. K. now and able to look after the wants of his many patients.

Charles E. Evans of Moline, Ill., ex-chairman of the State Board of Barber Shop Examiners and a warm supporter of Julius Johnson for Auditor of Public Accounts was in the city the past week and we had the pleasure of coming in contact with him. Mr. Evans is very friendly to Colored people and gives steady employment to several of them in his place of business in Moline.

Mrs. Mary Ann Taylor-Dixon, the Aged Mother of Julius F. Taylor, Celebrated Her 91st Birthday, Saturday, August 26, 1916

On our visit with our dear old mother Mrs. Mary Ann Taylor-Dixon, in the first part of May, 1906, at the home of our sister, Mrs. Jennie Frazier, at Harrisburg, Pa., she gave such a vivid account or description of her girl or womanhood days which she spent in the house of bondage, that it would make an interesting story for the very best novelist or the most fascinating writer, for in this rapid age it almost sounds like a fairy tale. It is, therefore, beyond our ability to paint a true pen picture of this product of slavery days, who is fast approaching the one hundredth milestone in her journey through life, for on August 26, 1916, she celebrated her 91st birthday at the home of our sister already mentioned. The story runs something like the following which is reproduced from these columns of June 9, 1906, and it is republished at this time in view of the fact that she is living in a new age or world.

Mary Ann Gale was born the 26th of August, 1824, on the banks of Smith Creek near New Market, Va. She was the property of John Riddle, and while she was yet a small girl she and her mother were taken by their mistress, Mrs. Sally Riddle, to live at Brocks Gap, which was only a short distance from the place of her birth. She was then about ten years old. She grew up to womanhood while residing in the last mentioned place, and when she was near twenty years old she was permitted to become the wife of Gilbert Taylor, who were the parents of fourteen children, and it might be stated here that Samuel Cootes, the owner of our father, was his father, and John Riddle, the owner of our mother's mother was her father.

Six out of the fourteen children she brought into this world were born at Brocks Gap, and in time the Riddles decided to sell their slaves like good Christians, and remove to the great or the free State of Ohio, where slavery did not exist, and mother, father, our only brother, Milton, and four sisters, namely: Margaret Elizabeth, Amanda, Emma S. and Jennie, were sold to a slave-trader by the name of Showalter who hailed from Georgia or Alabama, for twenty-two hundred dollars spot cash. It was the intention of the slave-trader to take her, her husband and five children to Richmond, Va., and keep them in the slave-pens there with his three hundred other slaves until he was able to buy a larger number to journey South, but in the meantime the cholera broke out among those already confined in the slave-pens at Richmond, and many of them died from its effect, which was a great financial loss to their owner, and the slave-trader was kind enough to inform her that "if he could find homes for her and her husband and the children he would not take them down South, where they would be forced to work all the rest of their days in the cotton or tobacco fields." So he sold her and two of our sisters, Amanda and Emma, to William Siebert, who owned two small plantations near New Market, Va., and he was one of the most prominent men in Rockingham county. Ben Hoover bought our other two sisters, Jennie and Margaret, and Louis Circle became the new owner of our father and brother Milton. Fortunate for them they did not live so far apart to prevent them from comingling with each other at least once or twice a month, and while living in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley which is one of the finest valleys in the world she gave birth to eight more children to add to the wealth of her master, but like her first child, which died and was buried at Brocks Gap, six out of this number died in infancy, and they were buried in old Man Keep's graveyard near New Market, Va. The names of the seven children she lost in slavery were as follows: Caroline, Al-journey, Ida, Millie, Georgie, Harriet L. and William Luther.

On the 11th of October, 1853, and on January 7, 1858, she brought her two last children into this world of so much pain and sorrow, and they were Hannah Louise Taylor and Julius Franklin Taylor, and she says "that this name was given to us in honor of Julius Franklin Siebert, her master's favorite son." It might be well to pause right here for a few moments to state "that she has in her possession a text book of the Methodist Episcopal Church South which was presented to her by her father." It is more than

one hundred years old, and it contains the names of her mother and father, Hannah Louise Gale and George Gale, and the names and births of their fifteen children. It also contains the record of all the children born to her except two. She well remembers the time when her mother and all her sisters and brothers except one brother and her father, who belonged to Andrew Bird, were sold down South, and the very day she bade her mother farewell forever, who died with a broken heart on her way to the land of sugarcane and cotton, she gave her a black and green colored silk shawl which she has kept unto this day, and she has promised this priceless relic of bygone days to us if she should be the first to pass on into the next world. Her father, George Gale, was not sold South, but remained with his master until near the close of the war. Then he started out in an unsuccessful attempt to locate his children, but he was compelled to give up in despair, and he returned to Virginia, where he died, and was buried near the place of his birth. He was 88 years old.

With much interest she related to us how careful she had to be with her Sunday clothes when she was a young girl. She wore one bright red calico dress each Sunday for three years, and three tucks were put in at the time it was made, and each year one tuck would be let out in order to make it come down to the tops of her Sunday-go-to-meeting shoes, and whenever she would start for church she had to wrap up her shoes and stockings in a cloth and carry them under her arm until near the church. Then she would sit down on the roadside, wipe the dust from her feet, put on her shoes and stockings and enter church, and at the time our father was sparking her she had to go through the same process. In her girlhood days and even after she was married she had to work in the fields right along with the men, and do a man's work in the day, and then cook and work around her master's house in the evenings.

On one occasion her mistress, Mrs. Sally Seibert, flew into a towering rage over some trifling matter, and attempted to whip her, and she did succeed in striking her twice over her back with a hickory stick. Then, as quick as a flash of lightning, she sprang at her mistress like a maddened tigress. She wrenched the stick from her grasp, and struck her two severe blows across her back with it, and after Mrs. Seibert had related her side of the affair to her husband that evening he wended his way into mother's two-roomed cabin, which stood right across the yard in front of the big old-fashioned white house which we can still see in our mind's eye, and after seating himself in an old splint-bottomed wooden chair, he requested her to tell him why she had struck her mistress. She, in a straightforward manner, told her side of the story, and at the same time told him "that she was willing to work in the fields, in the house, and to do everything Mrs. Seibert asked her to do, but if she ever attempted to whip her again she would end her life," and to the everlasting credit of William Siebert he was a very considerate man, and he informed her "that it would be wrong for her to kill his wife, and if she did she would be hung up by the neck until she was dead," and she declared "that she did not care what became of her; that no one could whip her as long as she had the strength to fight back," and she and Mrs. Seibert, who possessed very haughty and contemptible ways, continued to fight and spat until at last Mr. Seibert was compelled to hire her away from her so-called home and children for three years, and while absent from home she cooked for Noah Higges, who ran the leading tavern in New Market, Va.

The great struggle was on between freedom and slavery shortly after mother returned to her master's home from New Market, and when General "Phil" Sheridan made his famous raid through the Shenandoah Valley, and our father, who had been sold to Robert and Samuel Bowman by Louis Circle because he was unable to whip him, and mother's only brother, Hiram Gale, whom she had not lost track of, followed Sheridan's army on North, and eventually our father settled in Columbus, Ohio, and when he passed away March 19, 1899, he was in his 71st year,



HENRY (TEENAN) JONES.

The ever smiling owner and manager of the Elite Cafe No. 2, 3445 S. State street, that's all.

and he sleeps beneath the sod in Green Lawn cemetery in that city.

To return to our dear mother once more, when the war was over and freedom had dawned upon her, she remained with the family of her late master for one year. Then she lived with General Mim's family at Rud Hill, Va., for three years, and rested up at New Market for one year, and in the early part of 1870 she left old Virginia and came to Marysville, Pa., which is only seven miles from Harrisburg, where she resided for some years on a small farm which came into her possession through the death of her brother, Hiram Gale, who had located there shortly after coming North with Sheridan's army.

As slavery had separated her from her husband, and they never became united again, and had scattered her children from her like little chickens fleeing from their mother when she sounds the alarm of approaching danger. In time she became the wife of James Dixon, and at the death of her second husband she rented out her farm, which she sold a few years ago, and went to live with her youngest daughter, Hannah Louise Speaks, at Harrisburg, Pa., and at her death in 1892, she went to live with our eldest sister, Mrs. Jennie Frazier, who also has resided in Harrisburg for many years.

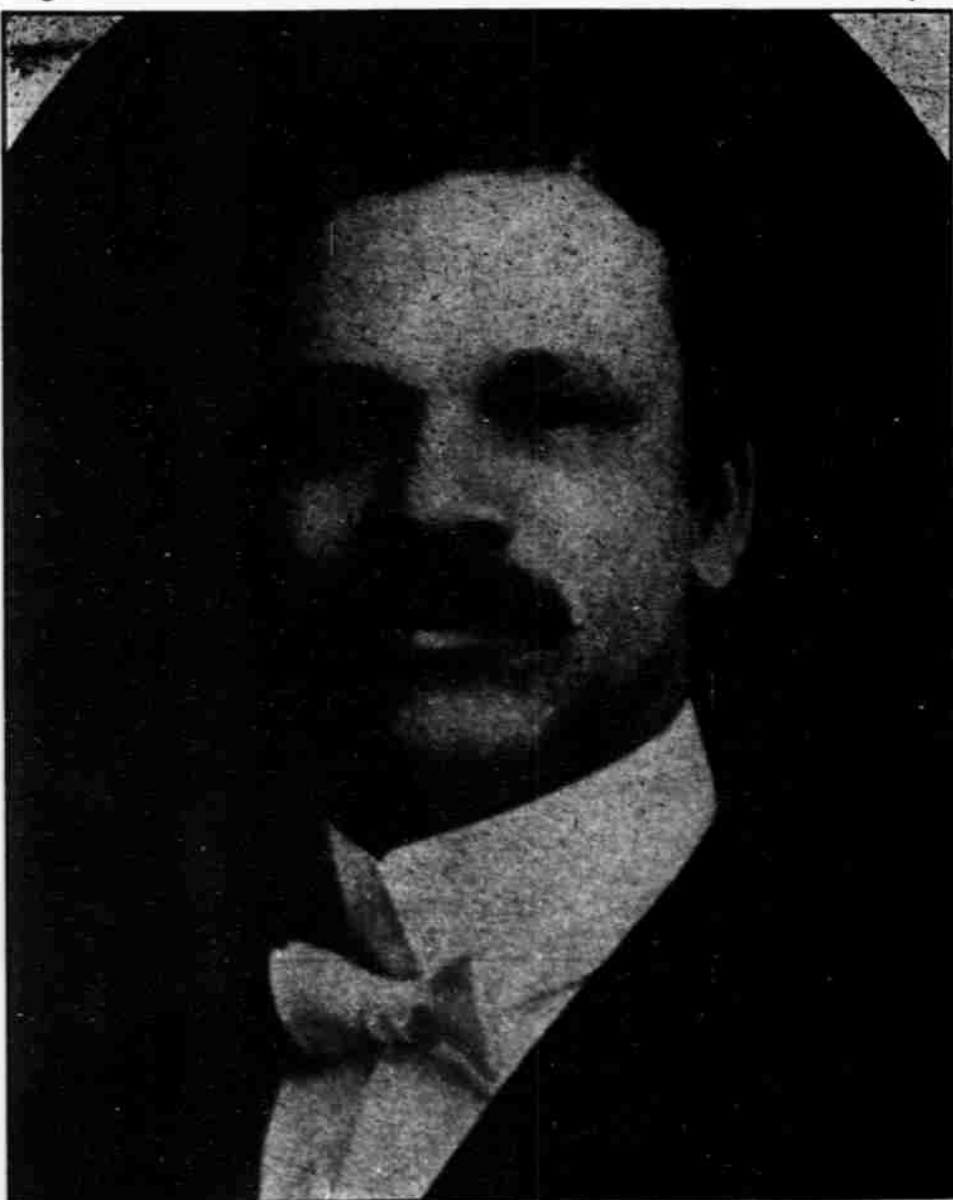
Only three of the seven children that she brought with her out of the house of bondage are alive today; they are her two daughters just mentioned, Mrs. Jennie Frazier and Mrs. Amanda Mim

of Columbus, Ohio, whose husband prior to his death a few years ago, worked for the Columbus Water works for nine years, and the writer, and at our death the Taylor family will become extinct. Two of her other four children who have closed their eyes in death and have gone on before her, Margaret Elizabeth and Mrs. Emma Moss, were laid to rest at Waterbury, Md. Milton Taylor was buried at Mount Jackson, Va., and Mrs. Hannah Louise Speaks sleeps in Grantsville Cemetery, Harrisburg, Pa., and as it were the graves of her dead are severed far and wide by mountain, stream and sea.

She has great faith in the Lord and His saving grace and for seventy-one years she has been a devoted member of the Baptist Church.

She is a great grandmother through the marriage of her eldest daughter, Mrs. Jennie Frazier, who is the mother of five children, and one of her daughters, Mrs. Mary Ball, who resides in New York City, is the mother of a bright and intelligent son.

Lastly, as she walks with steady tread toward the river of the dead, much beloved by young and old alike, free from pains and aches, aside from a little rheumatism now and then, in the full possession of all her faculties, able to wait on herself, putting in her leisure time working on fancy quilts, for she made us one with her own hands since our visit home in March, 1913, and she may yet live to reach the one hundredth milestone in her long journey from slavery to freedom.



REV. J. C. ANDERSON.

The eloquent pastor of Quinn Chapel, the oldest A. M. E. church in Chicago and one of the most prominent figures in Afro-American Methodism in this country.



REV. W. S. BRADDAN.

Pastor of Berean Baptist church and Chaplain of the Illinois National Guard.